Girl Put Your Records On by brokenpromisesandhope

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Nancy hosts a slumber party for the kids.

Girl Put Your Records On

Author's Note:

> Okay y'all I made a post about this the other day and I'm so dramatic like I had so many ideas I feel like this got crazy. I didn't know I was gonna add Kalancy and then I was gonna add some more about Will being gay yet here we are. So imma probably write more but who knows! Please comment/ kudos!!!
> I'm always on tumblr: Mickey-mousemilkovich
> Xx
> T

"So my parents are gonna be out of town this weekend," Nancy says, sitting down at the lunch table across from Steve.

"Ooh, party at your place?"

She wrinkled her nose,

"Hell no."

"Come on," he says, peeling his orange, "Party of three? I'm getting tired of hosting."

"All you offer us is your bed and your dick."

He flips her off and she laughs, kicking him under the table,

"Stop, be serious. No, we can't have a party of three, because I am on kid duty."

He groans,

"Really?"

"Really."

"Even the little one?"

Nancy rolls her eyes,

“You mean my sister? Yes. Anyway, they’re going out of town with Hopper and Joyce, apparently they’re all best friends now-”

“They’re probably swingers,”

“Eww!” Nancy chucks a grape at him, “Stop! Anyway, I think it would be fun to host a slumber party. With all the kids.”

Steve lets out a low whistle,

“That’s a lot of work for you,” he says.
“Don’t be ridiculous, you and Jon are gonna help?”

“I’m gonna help with what?” Jonathan asks, sitting down next to Nancy.

“Throwing the kids a slumber party,” Nancy says, “come on, it’ll be fun.”

“I like our slumber parties better,” Steve mumbles.

“Don’t act like you don’t adore those kids as much as they adore you,” says Jonathan, “I’m in.”

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The thing about Nancy is that she does the most. Like the most the most. That’s why she’s at Walmart tossing every nail polish color into the cart,

“Don’t you already have nail polish?” Steve asks, looking up from his phone.

“Not a lot, I want them to have options.”

“Nancy,” Jonathan says slowly.

“Don’t. Do not! You guys picked out like six kinds of chips.”

“Yeah cause we need choices.”

“Well we need nail choices! Now come on, I need to get some face masks.”

“Nancy,” Steve whines, “We’ve been here forever,”

“Steve I will put one on you! Jonathan tell him, this is important.” She says, voice slightly whiny.

Jonathan wraps his arms around her waist and kisses her cheek,

“Yes babe, this is very important. Let me help you pick out some masks, Steve you wanna go look at some movies?”

“Yeah, yeah. I will.”
Steve walks away and Jonathan rubs a thumb over Nancy’s hip where her t-shirt is riding up,

“You know affection is not really his thing. He’d much rather sit and brood. Especially after almost dying.”

“We’ve been brooding for weeks!” Nancy says all loud and defensive, like she gets, “It’s been weeks. We almost died, we did, but we’re alive. And I don’t want to do that anymore. I want to be happy, I don’t want to be scared anymore,” she says quieter, voice cracking.

Jonathan spins her around and forces her to look up at him,

“Hey, ssh. I know, I don’t either.”

“And those kids, if we’re scared, can you imagine how terrified they feel? And our parents, they’re not doing shit. My mom yelled at me yesterday because it looked like my hair wasn’t brushed. Which, it wasn’t, but, I’ve got bigger concerns,” she rolls her eyes which are glistening, “I just. I just wanna paint my fucking nails any goddamn color I want and eat marshmallows, and, I think the kids want that too. I’m just,” she sighs, “Mike is a trainwreck, he can’t even get out of bed. The last time I saw Eleven she needed me to take her to get a training bra, we need to do this Jonathan.”

“I know,” he rubs her back, “It’s okay, I promise. I’m sorry you feel like you have to do this all alone.”

She sniffles, but smiles,

“I don’t have to do it alone. I have you and Steve. Even when he’s mad that I won’t ditch my siblings so we can have a three day long fuckfest.”

“But next time we get to have the fuckfest right?” Jonathan asks as Nancy grabs a few more colors for good measure. She turns around and flips him off and he laughs as they go down the next aisle.

Thank god for Steve’s Dad’s credit card, and Jonathan’s eyes just widen as they empty the cart on the conveyor belt. Between Nancy and her toiletries, Steve and his chocolate and movies, their total is absurd. But Jonathan doesn’t dare say anything. They are quite frankly the most extra people he knows, which explains why they’re both picking out candy bars at the register, even though they have ice cream and candy in the cart. Jonathan still takes a reeses when Nancy offers though.

They drop Nancy off at the house to set everything up, and then they go to get the kids. If Karen Wheeler taught Nancy anything it was how to be a hostess. Holly’s still napping so it’s easy for her to push aside the couches and make the kids a huge pallet on the floor, and add as many extra pillows and blankets as she can find. She brings up some stuffed animals from the basement because El and Will really like them. She makes sure the xbox and DVD player are hooked up and stacks up some kid appropriate movies in front of them, though knowing Steve they’ll probably end up watching The Hangover or something. But the point is Nancy tried!

She puts the candy in bowls, as well as assorted flavors of chips. There’s plastic cups and a bag of ice and she lines up the different kinds of soda on the table next to the other snacks. She starts the oven for the frozen pizzas and cookies. On the coffee table she puts out markers and coloring books, and the nail polish, and glitter eyeshadow. She’d bought temporary hair color and decks of cards as well. The stereo system is in the corner and she’d made a playlist for tonight during homeroom because she was a loser, truthfully.

She just wants to have fun. And she wants the kids to have fun too. She wasn’t kidding when she said they’d been a mess lately. It was

easier for her, she had Steve and Jonathan, two people who saw what type of bullshit she went through first hand, and she's still struggling. She struggles to get out of bed, to shower, to be alone with just her thoughts, memories of Barb and almost dying over and over again, suffocating her at every turn. It's the reason why she's at Steve or Jonathan's every night, the three of them laying in bed until they night be able to sleep. Some nights they don't, they stay up and talk, or fuck, or just lay in the silence, piled on top of each other, sweating, but complete. Other nights they're asleep by eight, and Joyce nearly bangs the door down trying to get them up for school because she vowed, she was never entering his room again after walking in on some, in Nancy's opinion, really hot sex.

Her parents are legitimately no help. Her mom still yells at her to do the dishes or asks why she's wearing jeans to school, as if her best friend didn't just die. As if Nancy didn't get called a slut by the whole town. She constantly questions Nancy about Steve, because she didn't pay attention long enough to follow that Steve turned into Jonathan who turned into SteveAndJonathan. At least her mother's easier on Mike. She lets him stay home and eat dinner in his room, if he even eats.

From what she's seen, Dustin's mom is too worried about bills, Lucas's family isn't very talkative, at least not about their own problems. Will has Jonathan, but he had mentioned that Will is having some other personal problems too. Eleven has Hopper and Joyce, except Joyce is so busy up Will's ass and Hopper knows nothing about growing young women, that she's constantly sending Nancy cryptic one word texts. And then there's Max, who texts Nancy long paragraphs about being called a bitch by her own dad and brother, and how it transfers to the kids in her class too, and she's heard Nancy's a bitch too, and why does her being tough equal being a bitch? And Nancy is too tired to try to explain misogyny to a twelve year old, and she shouldn't have to!

So she is having a goddamn slumber party for them, because neither Max nor El have ever had one, and Mike needs a night with his friends, and even though he'd never admit it, because he'd rather hide in Jonathan's sweaters, with her cold feet pressed against his shins, he needs to spend time with the kids too. And they need to

know that someone as cool as Steve Harrington is going through the same shit they are. Because let's face it, to everyone else Nancy is still kind of a slut and a bitch and Jonathan is still a freak, plus their older siblings, they don't have much clout. Steve though, he has a ton.

She's just gotten Holly changed and she's holding her in her arms when the doorbell rings. She's playing with Nancy's necklace, one chubby fist wrapped around it, the other in her mouth when Nancy opens the door. Steve's got a couple backpacks, which must be the kids overnight bags and he drops them, and nearly falls over.

"Steve what the hell?" Nancy props Holly on her hip and bends down to help him grab the bags.

"Um, you have a baby," he says slowly.

Nancy nods,

"Yes, this is my sister Holly. You do listen when I talk don't you?"

"Of course I do," Steve splutters, eyes locked on Holly ,who's started sucking on her necklace at this point.

"Oh my god. You like it don't you?"

"What?"
Nancy laughs loudly,
"Oh my god. That's it! You like seeing me with a baby. It makes your male parts get all tingly," she teases as he cheeks turn red.

"Stop it!" he says brushing past her into the house.

"Hey Jonathan!" She calls. He's wrestling more bags out of the trunk.

"Huh?"

"Steve wants me to have his baby!" She shouts laughing.

He stares at her and then just shakes his head.

"Eww," Mike says pushing past her, "you're not gonna be all gross and coupley tonight are you?"

“Are you and El?” She demands, eyebrow raised.

Mike just flips her off. Lucas and Max walk through saying hi and then Will comes up and gives her a hug,

“Thanks Nancy.”

“Of course bud,” she says with a smile.

Eleven is last, carrying her own bag,

“Hi Nancy.”

“Hey El, are you ready for our party?”

She nods,
“Yes. I am excited. Is it okay if my sister comes? I told her about it and she said it sounded fun.”

Nancy just stares,
“Um, sure sweetie. You can text her the address, um, Jonathan, hey.”

He has the remaining bags and she tugs him down for a brief kiss,

“Eleven has a sister?”

He shrugs,
“I have no idea, but she asked if I thought you would mind if she invited her and I said I’m sure not.”

“Well it’ll be fine either way, I was just curious. Come on and set those down.” She leads him into the house where the kids are already a mess.

They’ve grabbed the bowls of snacks and brought them to the living room, where they’re currently trying to decide on a movie apparently. Mike is standing on top of the coffee table,

“Shut up, shut up, shut up! Okay our choices are, Everything Everything or American Assassin!”

“I wanna watch Everything Everything,” says Max around a mouthful

of Cheetos.

“That’s a girly movie!” Says Dustin.

“Good thing I’m a girl then and also screw you!”

“I wanna watch it too,” says Will.

Nancy watches Max lean over to whisper something in his ear and then he nods and smiles and she laughs,

“We can watch American Assassin next! Please!”

“Fine, fine.”

Once that’s been decided, Nancy sets Holly in her pack and play and heads into the kitchen to put the pizza in the oven, her one attempt at trying to feed them an actual meal. Steve’s filling glasses with soda and it’s not until Jonathan walks in that he looks up,

“So what’s this I hear that we gotta get Nance pregnant?” he asks.

Steve curses and knocks over the cup of soda he’s currently filling,

“Oh fuck you Wheeler.”

“Name the time and place baby,” she says with a laugh. She walks over to him and kisses his cheek and hands him a roll of paper towels, “I guess you’ve never really seen me with her before, we’re always at your house.”

“The only things I’ve seen in your house before today were pretty limited to your room.”

“Shut up!” She rolls her eyes.

“This is going to be a nightmare,” Jonathan says, holding out his cup to Steve, who fills it up for him, “you bought them Mountain Dew Nancy? Oh my god.”

“It’ll be fine. I figure they’ll crash around one and then we can have our own slumber party upstairs,” she says, voice dropping an octave.

“You’re killing me,” Steve says.

“I’m just saying, we got lotsss of baby making to do,” she says, sliding the pizza in the oven.

“You’re not funny!” He says, grabbing as many cups as he can to bring out to the kids.

“I dunno, I’d say it’s pretty funny,” Jonathan says, following behind him with the rest of the cups.

Surprisingly the kids do calm down, a touch, after they realize they can have as much soda and candy and pizza as they want, and they watch two movies. It’s right before the girls are about to head upstairs to paint their nails, at El’s request, that the doorbell rings. Steve looks over at Nancy quizzatively and she just shrugs, going to answer the door. Standing there is a tall Indian girl, with long black and purple hair, the left side shaved. She’s wearing thick black eyeliner, red lipstick, a leather jacket and jeans and she’s got a bag over her shoulder, she smiles,

“Hey, I’m Kali.”

“Sister,” El says, pushing around Nancy to hug her.

“Oh, right,” Nancy says slowly.

“Who’s this?” Steve asks from right behind her, which causes her to jump a little. He steadys her with a hand on her waist and she sinks back in to him. Her boyfriend. One of two. She already has two people, she should not be thinking about how hot this girl is. Because that would be greedy.

“I’m Kali, El’s sister.”

He holds out a hand,

“Steve, nice to meet you.”

“Likewise. You are?”

“Sorry, um, I’m Nancy.”

Kali's eyes trail her up and down, before landing back on her face with a smile,

"Nice to meet you."

"We're painting nails," El says eagerly, "Come on!"

She drags Kali past Steve and Nancy and towards the stairs. They head upstairs and Nancy closes the door. When she turns around, Steve is still there, sucking on a tootsie pop,

"She's hot right? Like really hot."

Nancy steals the tootsie pop from him and puts it in her own mouth, hollowing her cheeks and staring up at the stairs,

"Extremely hot."

The girls have already made themselves comfortable on Nancy's bed, and they've dumped out the basket of nail polish between them,

"Nancy will you paint mine?" Max asks, from where she's laying on her side, "your nails always look so good and mine look like shit."

Nancy laughs,

"I'm sure that's not true, but sure."

"Me too!" Says El.

Kali's sitting on the edge of the bed and Nancy maneuvers so she can sit across from her near the head of the bed, without her legs touching her, or crossing her legs and flashing her underwear, because of course she's still wearing a skirt. Kali doesn't seem to mind, if the way her eyes keep flicking to her thighs mean anything.

"Well shit, since you're the pro, you can do mine too!"

"Who's gonna do mine?" Nancy pouts, setting her cup of Coke on her nightstand.

"You." El says, handing her a bright yellow nail polish, "Me first.

Please!”

They gossip as Nancy paints El’s nails and she realizes that even El’s noticed that Mike is a little bit withdrawn. That makes Nancy worry even more and she decides they can talk to him together. Max and Lucas are still doing really good, and Max is surprised that Lucas wanted to even talk to her after what Billy did.

“You are nothing like that piece of shit Max, I promise,” Nancy soothes, taking the bottle of bright purple she had chose.

“Well, I don’t know, I’m a bitch so, isn’t that bad too?”

“You are not a bitch!” Nancy says firmly.

“Fuck no you’re not,” says Kali.

“But Billy said-”

“Fuck him!”

Max nods, looking down,

“I know but, I heard my dad and, he was talking to my mom and he said it to. So clearly it must be true.”

Kali shakes her head,
“Absolutely not. Let me tell you a little secret. Do you know what being a bitch means in today’s society?”

Max shakes her head and Nancy pauses, brush in mid air to look up at Kali,

“It means you have an opinion. You speak up about something. You make your voice heard. But because you’re a girl and have the audacity to speak up about something, that makes you a bitch. So yeah, fuck them. I’m a bitch too.”

“Shit, me too. I’m a bitch and a slut,” Nancy says with a nudge, “so at least you’re not as bad as me.”

“Are you now?” Kali asks with a smirk.

Nancy blushes and looks down,

“Wouldn’t you like to know?”

“Actually I would. What’s the deal with Steve down there?” She asks.

Nancy can feel her eyes on her and she tries not to mess up on Max’s nails,

“He’s my boyfriend,”

“Oh really?”

“Really.”

“Jonathan too,” El says helpfully, flipping through a magazine.

“Jonathan?” Kali asks.

Nancy looks up,

“Yeah, it’s the three of us, Steve, Jonathan and I.”

Kali lets out a low whistle,

“This just got interesting.”

“How so?” Nancy asks, face flaming.

“I’ll just say this, you, Nancy, are not at all what I was expecting,” Kali says, looking her up and down again.

And yeah, yeah, that makes sense. Nancy’s got her perfectly curled hair, and her gold cross necklace, button down white shirt tucked into her pink suede skirt, she may even be wearing, she looks down, no lacy ankle socks, she’s actually got on an old pair of Jonathan’s high gym socks and they go about half way up her calf. She blushes even harder, she’s over here flirting with this girl and she looks a hot mess. She tries to soothe her hair and Kali laughs.

“Good thing or bad?” She asks softly.

“Good. Very good.”

Nancy's just finished blowing on Max's nail to help them dry, when there's a knock on the door,

"Come in!" El calls.

The door opens and there's Will, looking nervous,

"Hey bud, what's up?" Nancy asks.

"Um, I, could you paint my nails?" He bursts out.

"Of course, come here," Nancy says, patting the spot next to her.

"Is this okay?" He asks.

"Yes, why would it not be?" Nancy asks.

"Boys don't paint their nails," Will says quietly.

"They can!" Kali encourages.

"Yeah!" Max adds.

"I've never seen one who did," Will mumbles, "I just thought it looked cool. Maybe I shouldn't."

"You should!" Nancy insists, "Look, just stay right here and pick out color, I'll be right back."

Nancy heads downstairs, where Steve and Jonathan are cuddling on the loveseat, watching the boys play Call of Duty,

"Steve, I need you."

He smirks,

"Well, well,"

"Not like that, you arrogant bastard. I need you to do me a favor."

"What kind of favor?"

Jonathan smacks his head,

“Go do your girlfriend a favor.”

“Fine, fine,” he gets up and follows Nancy, “So what’s going on?”

“Will wants to paint his nails.”

He nods,
“Okay, so?”

“Well, he doesn’t think boys can paint their nails, and I don’t think Jonathan will be very helpful cause you know, he has to support everything Will does, so, I need you to let me paint your nails.”

“Okay.”

“Okay?”

“What did you think I was gonna say? That’s queer?”

Nancy barks out a shocked laugh,

“Well no, but,”

“Nancy, you’ve literally put mascara on me before.”

“That’s because your eyelashes are insane and that was actually really hot. We should do that again.”

He rolls his eyes,

“Anyways, how’s it going with Kali?” He asks, wiggling his eyebrows.

She can feel herself blush and she shifts her stance, cursing, he knows all her tells,

“Fine.”

“I know she is, I asked how it’s going,” he laughs at his own joke and she slaps his arm,

“You’re a loser. It’s fine, I don’t know why you’re even asking, so I think she’s hot, so what?”

“So what? So tell her how good you are at sex, I bet that’ll get the ball moving.”

“I hate you!”

“I’m trying to get you a bae!”

“You are my bae. I literally have two baes already.”

“Maybe you need another,” he says, closing the space to kiss her.

His lips are soft yet insistent, and he pushes her up against the wall, one hand sliding down to grab her ass, the other unbuttoning a couple buttons of her top. Steve’s favorite thing to do is suck bruises on her collarbone or shoulders, and he licks across her collarbone as she pants, hand tangled in his hair,

“Steve, we can’t,”

“Can’t help it, you’re so fucking hot, I just wanna kiss you forever,” he mumbles, moving back up to her lips.

They kiss for a few more minutes until she hears a holler from El,

“Nancy! Will picked a color!”

Nancy breaks away and Steve groans. She laughs and grabs his hand, leading him to the room,

“Are you gonna pick your own color or are you gonna let me?”

“I’m picking Wheeler, are you crazy?!”

It’s not until Nancy’s sitting down and sees Kali staring at her that she realizes how disheveled they must look. Her face heats again and she subtly tries to button up at least one button on her shirt. This causes Kali to snort and Nancy fights the urge to flip her off. They don’t know each other that well yet. Will picked a soft magenta, and Nancy makes him spread his hand out on her thigh so she can paint his nails. Steve picks a turquoise, because of course he does, and holds it out to Kali,

“You mind?”

She shakes her head,

“Not at all. You can do me after.”

“You scratch my back I’ll scratch yours?”
She laughs,

“Precisely. But you’ve got to provide the entertainment. Tell me about your girlfriend and all the things that make her blush so prettily.”

Steve laughs and Nancy kicks him, getting a swipe of nail polish on her thigh.

The finally corral the kids into bed at one in the morning. Of course this is after everyone got temporary hair colors, Max got bright red streaks and almost convinced Kali to cut her bangs, El did blue tips since her hair was finally almost a bob. Lucas got his whole head painted green, to which the other boys teased him to no end. Nancy blushed as she held the purple can to Kali and asked her to give her a streak. Steve thought his hair was too good for it, but Jonathan let Nancy add in a thin pink stripe, which looked hotter than any of them wanted to admit. It was after ice cream sundaes and a whipped cream fight that was started by dustin, and it was after a good old fashioned dance party, that Nancy made them move to the basement because she had to put Holly to sleep. Steve watched her rock her and sing lullabies the whole time, more in love and in awe and yes a tiny bit turned on, than he would ever admit aloud.

Nancy’s downright exhausted and every room in the house is a mess, and she puts on The Hunger Games for them, and shuts out all the lights. By the time the teens package up all the food and take out the trash, they’re all asleep. Jonathan shuts off the TV and then they head back into the kitchen. Nancy hops up on the counter, and Jonathan nudges himself under Steve’s arm as Kali leans against the counter,

“Well that was quite the party,” Nancy says, kicking her legs.

“No shit,” Jonathan says, “I feel like I’ve been up for three days.”

“Me too,” Kali says.

“Guys, no! We cannot be tired yet!” Steve says.

“Why not?” Nancy complains, “I just want my bed.”

“No! We are young, and we are going to have some real fun, now,” He says, walking over to the liquor cabinet, “Anybody up for a little truth or dare?” He asks shaking the bottle, turquoise nails standing out against the black label of a bottle of vodka.